

# THE NEW NORTH.

VOLUME 16, NO. 32.

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN, THURSDAY, SEPT. 29, 1898.

TERMS-\$1.50 IN ADVANCE

## Carpets!

Just Received, a large Line  
of Choice Ingrain Carpets

## New Patterns! New Colors!

## Prices to Suit Call and Inspect.

Examine our Window Shades, prices 25c and up.  
Lace Curtains from \$1.00 per pair to \$6.00.

C. M. & W. W. FENELON,  
General Merchants,  
Cor. Brown and Davenport Streets.

## New Goods and Low Prices

Nothing draws trade like the  
RIGHT THING at the right time  
and at the right price. We have it  
now.

## JACKETS, CAPES, COLLARETTES,

All good and all neat,  
All good and all cheap.

Besides this we will show you

Joseph Biefield & Co.'s  
Full Fall Line next  
Tuesday, Oct. 4.  
at our GRAND FALL OPENING.

Remember the time and place and Don't  
Miss the Show. Everybody welcome; Every-  
body wanted. Special sale all this week.

SPAFFORD & CO.

Lay Sermon.  
"Learn to labor and to wait."  
Longfellow.

The text contains a piece of excellent advice. But too many give it a wrong construction. They displace the conjunctive and substitute the disjunctive conjunction, construing it learn to labor or to wait.

These people constitute two classes, the too busy and the too idle. The first are those whose whole being is absorbed in business. Life has nothing for them but work. Not because of necessity, but from choice and the greed of riches. The word leisure has been eliminated from their vocabulary. The idea of society has been superseded by that of corporation. Their world is bounded by their business interests. Night is turned into day and Saturday overlaps Sunday, that dollars may be piled upon dollars. For such men one fortune is not enough. They keep on building, like piling mountain upon mountain, as if life, temporal and eternal, had nothing but wealth to offer.

What will be the outcome? Millions, bankrupt, or paralytic. Even chances for either. Not much difference which. The first, at three score years and ten, may be testator to a graceless spendthrift. The second, in his prime, will be a dependent or a drudge. The third will be a candidate for hospital or asylum.

I don't think there are any such men in my congregation. But if there are, I should advise them to shorten sail a little. Slow up. Rest your tired faculties. You say you must work or fail, that the Lord helps those who help themselves. True, but the Lord isn't likely to help those who try to take everything out of his hands. The trouble with such people is they seek to dispense with the Omnipotent and eventually to supersede Him. My friend, you know much, but there is one more lesson you will have to learn, and that is that you neither know it all nor can do it all. If you will find me a man who can get along without help I will show you one qualified to share the throne of the universe.

You fall right on this question, what is success? Your conception of it is faulty both in degree and in kind. Is it success to be a multi-millionaire and have nothing but wealth? That is the idea of every man whose whole life is centered in getting. He is willing to forego the real loves and joys of domestic life, to bear the stigma of supreme selfishness, to incur the animosity of the wage earner, to become sordid and sour and weary, and all for what? Just when he has reached the goal of his ambition, winner in the race, but tired and broken and feeble, he must leave to others the wealth for which he has sacrificed all.

It don't pay to try to force fortune. The waiting is just as necessary as the laboring. Let the labor and the waiting be in proportion. It is wonderful how fortune will maintain a just balance when work and pleasure and benevolence are properly conjoined. Try it, you that are disposed to bow at the shrine of Mammon, and you will find how beautiful life can be; how lovely it is to reach a hole, hearty old age, with a fair competence shared by those who truly love you and are ready to remove every stone and thorn from your pathway on the downward slope of life.

But there are others who seem to do nothing but wait. Spiritually, intellectually and physically they favor a sitting posture. In every respect they are wonderfully adapted to rest. They are virtuous. Their morality is beyond reproach. They are ready to condemnation of everything which militates against society. But they are inert. They haven't sufficient force to stop a runaway child. So far as aggressive usefulness is concerned they are about on a par with the Star Fish, which is said to be a walking stomach, whose chief business it is to devour garbage which would otherwise accumulate on the seashore.

My friend, have you ever thought how useless a good man is if his goodness is only negative? The only men who ever did anything for humanity are those who, with sword in hand, have cut their pathway to success. But they didn't do it alone. Nor did they do it exclusively with human help. They recognized the "power that makes for righteousness." They were at least willing to allow the Lord a junior partnership, which is more than can be said of some who assume to be arbiters of destiny.

The trouble with these easy going

friends is they want Providence to do it all. They are content to wait all day at the gates. There is no place for the labor to come in. They are nothing but sitters. They are like lazy birds, if such anomaly can be found, too indolent to teach their nestlings to fly. Brother, you should get a move on yourself. You are good and virtuous, but goodness and virtue don't count when they have lost their shine through inaction. Get out of your sitting posture. Push your callow virtues out of their nest. Compel them to fly. They will soon learn to wing their way, and you will be surprised by the amount of good even you can do in the world when you have shaken off your habits of indolence. Rest is for all. But a man can't rest unless he is tired. Resting with it weariness is mere loaing, and the only appropriate place for a leacher is under a big mountain where omniscient re cannot find him nor Omnipotence straiten him out. Just as well to be flattened out that way as to rust in a sitting posture or to be wasted with sordid toil.

So we come back to first principles, that labor and waiting must go together, and that steady, persistent work, tempered and restrained by divine patience, is what brings true success. So mote it be.

### High School Notes.

The literary work of the High School is being conducted on a somewhat different plan than last year. Although it still goes under the name "Athena" and the scholars have charge of the meetings, the work is under the supervision of the teachers, and each pupil is obliged to appear on the program once each term. On Friday afternoon, Sept. 20, the following program will be rendered:

Music.....School Reading.....Genie Bostrum,  
Essay.....Anna Adams,  
Recitation.....Lewis Carlson,  
Essay.....Maggie Calms,  
Recitation.....Conra Brock,  
Music.....Bessie Miller, Erna Kueht,  
Reading.....Charlie Ball,  
Essay.....Verna Budge,  
Recitation.....Henry Chatterton,  
Essay.....Earl Chafee,  
Music.....School.

Mrs. A. W. Shelton visited the High School Tuesday.

The new spellers have arrived, and as a result, an exercise which has been rather neglected is now a part of the regular school work.

Samuel Higgins and Fred. Wedge, of the class of '98, have entered the Freshman class at the University of Wisconsin.

The first game of Basket Ball for this season was played last Saturday night. A large number were in attendance and witnessed a most exciting game.

The result of the foot-ball game played at Ironwood last Saturday between the boys of the Rhinelander and Ironwood High Schools, was twenty-two to five in favor of the latter. All cannot be victors, and our boys deserve a great deal of praise for the creditable manner in which they conducted themselves.

### M. E. Church Free from Debt.

Last Sunday evening the M. E. church was filled to its fullest capacity with friends of the church who had assembled to participate in the Jubilee service in thanksgiving over the payment of the church debt.

The pastor, Rev. Robert S. Ingraham, preached a reassuring sermon on "Religious Earnestness," in commendation of the will with which all had worked to pay the debt. Mr. S. H. Albin spoke of the way in which the debt was incurred, and the relief the society felt in being free from the burden. Mrs. D. J. Cole made a financial statement for the stewards, and Mr. S. M. Hutchinson for the trustees, and they showed that the society was entirely out of debt, and had some money in the treasury. Excellent music was furnished by the choir. The accession of about twenty-five members speaks for the spiritual work which has been done during the year.

This Sunday evening service closed Rev. Ingraham's year's work as pastor, and he left for Waupun Wednesday morning to be present at the Annual Conference which begins its session in that city this morning.

It is hoped and expected that Rev. Ingraham will be returned to the Rhinelander church another year.

Next Sunday will close the M. E. church year, and Rev. Thos. Walker will preach in the morning, and Mr. E. J. Ennis, of Milwaukee, in the evening.

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For Sale.

Hemlock and Tamarack lumber,

dressed or rough.

STEVENS LUMBER CO.

fool's advice and star in the States. There is nothing here to come for, and the stories of rich gold finds are reported and published doubtless through the instrumentality of transportation companies for their sole benefit.

We will stay until spring, in the hope that in some nook or cranny of this vast territory there may be something found to pay us for this long, lonely trip of danger and hardships. But I think it is a vain hope and the spring will find us on our way to the States. With kindest regards to all my Clarinda friends, I remain

Very respectfully, Your Son  
HARRY N. BUTLER.

Seen from a Distance.

A representative of the Northwestern Lumberman visited this city recently, and has the following concerning Rhinelander affairs in the last number of the Lumberman:

Getting into Rhinelander at the ungod hour of 2:30 a.m., Monday, I found "Jack" Wixson waiting at the station for the west bound "Soo" train, grip in hand, packing up and down the platform. He was starting out on a business trip, with no fear of night traveling. Somewhere down in Nebraska, T. R. French, another member of the firm of Wixson, Brunson & French, of Rhinelander, was probably riding on a freight train during the early morning hours, to get to the office of some promising dealer, ahead of the 1,100 other salesmen who make that territory. Of course Clyde Brunson wouldn't be expected to be at work at that hour, but a little later he could be found at his desk at the mill office arranging the numerous orders that came on the morning mail. All working in unison, Wixson, Ironson & French handle a good deal of lumber during the year. They are now experiencing a very fair demand at list prices.

The Brown-Robbins Lumber Company is sawing for the Menasha Woodware Company, timber blown down in last spring's cyclone, of which there is about 8,000,000 feet. In a few days the company will begin on a lot of about 25,000,000 feet of logs belonging to Curtis Bros. & Co., of Clinton, Ia., which will be hauled in over the Brown & Robbins Railroad Company's line, which extends out northeast of Rhinelander about twenty miles. The saw mill of the Brown-Robbins Lumber Company has been sawing night and day this season, having cut 3,500,000 feet for the company; 3,000,000 feet for J. D. Day; 5,000,000 feet for James S. Kirk & Co., besides 1,000,000 feet for the Menasha Woodware Company already mentioned. It is very likely that next season the Brown-Robbins Lumber Company will go into the car trade.

J. D. Day, who has succeeded the old firm of Day, Daniels & Pierce, has stock of about 5,000,000 feet of lumber now, and is having a good trade in southern Wisconsin and northern Illinois, with one salesman out on the road.

"Ted" Yapp, manager of the Oshkosh Log & Lumber Company's plant at Choteau, Mich., accompanied by his wife, is spending a few days in Rhinelander, visiting old friends. Mr. Yapp resided at Rhinelander for a number of years, and considers it his home still. He says they have about 21,000,000 feet of lumber at Choteau and are making more.

Ben Sweet, the well-known planeler man of Milwaukee, who has been in the timber regions of northern Wisconsin nearly all summer, is spending a few days in Rhinelander. He was up in the timber recently with Gene Shepard, and "Shep" says they had lots of fun and enjoyed, among other things, a bull fight, a la Mexicano. Mr. Sweet was the matador, and, in fact, the whole show, excepting the bull, who acted a leading part, excepting along toward the last, when Mr. Sweet led with the bull as a close second. A friendly root cellar furnished a retiring place for Mr. Sweet while the bovine made a grand stand play on the top of it. "Shep" and "Gill" Young were the interested spectators.

Gene Shepard continues to have lots of fun with his "bovine spiritualists," commonly known as hogies. It is one of the chief things of interest at Rhinelander. It is viewed daily by a score or more of visitors, as it reposes on Mr. Shepard's lawn, securely chained. The other evening the vice-president of a well-known dry kiln manufacturing concern came to Rhinelander to see why his salesman had not sold a kiln there. He met "Shep" and learned of the hogie, wanted to see it at once.

It was just getting dark and the animal looked very ferocious. While the dry kiln man was in the house a few minutes, "Shep" had the position of the brute moved a trifle, and when they came out the visitor became so excited, so "Shep" says, that he offered him \$50 for the hogie to take out on the road for "show" purposes. He inquired as to what it ate, and how it was fed. In explaining its capture "Shep" said that it occurred on February 31, and that he corralled it section 57.

The dry kiln man, not noticing the discrepancies in the above, insisted on immediate purchase, and nothing would do but "Shep," most accompany him to an attorney's office, where the papers could be prepared. There he met a friend who explained the hogie to him, and he started out gunning for "Shep." He was so mad that he went to his hotel, paid his bill and left town on the first train, meaning the dry kiln he was to sell, all the time loudly denouncing "Shep," the hogie, and Rhinelander generally.

Read the new ads.

# THE STORY TELLER

AS EVERY LADDIE DOES.

On, when I was a tiny lad I wandered in a wood,  
To look for fairies or for flowers, as every laddie should.

I only got my fingers stung by things that creep and buzz;  
I learned to look for them instead, as every laddie does.

I sought the pretty fairy-folk in all the yellow flowers,  
Where nothing but the busy bees improved the shining hours.

I found a little caterpillar hanging by a thread;  
I put him in a buttercup, and took him home instead.

I caught some minnows in a pool, and thought myself a man,  
Because I found that I could fish, as every laddie can.

I got my father's pocketknife—it's blade was red with rust;

I cut my name on many a tree, as every laddie must.

I made a sturdy walking-stick to climb the highest hills;

And whittled till the knife was blunt, as every laddie will.

I owned a treasury of things that I had found or caught,

And changed them off for better ones, as every laddie ought.

I had a little puppy-dog and pets of many kinds;

(But some they died, and some got lost, as every laddie finds.)

I coveted a pony, and gun to shoot the crow—

A pony is a beauteous beast, as every laddie knows.

What most I loved were fireworks, and all that lights and burns;

But these sometimes are treacherous, as every laddie learns.

My coats grew shorter in the sleeve; my slippers crushed my toes;

But such things always smaller seem as every laddie grows.

—C. Gibson, in St. Nicholas.

## AT SANTIAGO.

Experience of a boy lieutenant under fire for the first time.

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

THERE were two men in the room stretched on cots. One was tall and wore gray pajamas, the other was of medium height and slender, and wore pajamas checkered with white and blue. The tall man had been shot through the head with a Mauser bullet; he had pains and fever, but would recover. The other had been shot through the knee and his leg was still in a plaster cast; it would stay so. They were both lieutenants, regulars, and had been in the game before Santiago on the 1st of July.

This was at Bellvera hospital, in the soldiers' pavilion. Out in the sunshine some convalescents with crutches were chatting and smoking. Some were joking. Down the long ward inside were dozens of soldiers unable to leave their cots. And some of them were joking, too. There were nurses and doctors moving about, and a few sympathetic ladies.

I want to tell now the story of the young lieutenant, the one with his leg in the plaster cast, as he told it to me. I asked him questions and he answered them in short, business-like sentences much better than adjectives. Now and then he put in a picturesque touch which might not have suited in a Sunday-school address, but did not seem out of place in a battle-field narrative.

He began with the breaking of camp that famous day of July 1, at about four o'clock in the morning, two miles back of El Poco. His regiment, the Sixth infantry, had been up the whole night before, making roads. They went forward over the rough trail in columns of four, marching slowly. The shells from both sides sang over them, and now and then a man went down from bursting shrapnel. This young lieutenant, with 50 men of company C, was going into action for the first time.

I asked him if he was afraid.

"I don't know as I was afraid," he said, "but I didn't enjoy it. It wasn't exactly like being up here in New York. I didn't want to be hit. But a man knows he's got to go ahead and do his work; that's what he's been taught, and he does it. It wasn't especially pleasant, though, passing a lot of bleeding, yelling Cubans being carried to the rear. They looked like devils with their brown faces twisted up. They'd been loafing about watching the artillery fire and staring at the balloons, and some of them got hit. Say, we hated that balloon, for it didn't do a thing but draw the Spanish fire on to us."

"When we were about a quarter of a mile from San Juan the order came to turn off the road to the left and begin the charge on the block-house. That took us through thickets and over fields. We left all our stuff here—blankets and impedimenta—under charge of a sentry, and went ahead with rifles and cartridge belts and cartridges. The Lord knows what became of that sentry, but we never saw our stuff again. I am letting those Cubans get some of it."

"Anyhow, we knew the time had come to show what sort of men we were, and most of us thought a few things as we went across a stream there, then on through more thickets and out again into the road to Santiago. There were 600 yards of level fields ahead of us, and then the main block-house on top of a slope 150 feet high. The rebels were coming faster now, and we were in the open. It's funny how you dodge when you get the whiz of a bullet by your head. The dodging doesn't do any good, but you dodge all the same—at least the new fellows do; they can't help it."

"There was a wire fence just above

the gully of the road, and a Cuban cut it down with his machete. He was the first Cuban I saw with any sand. Then we went up into the field, captain and two lieutenants and 50 men. I had 23 of them to look after, and it was a hot business, for the bullets were coming down in volleys now. Inside two minutes they'd caught ten of us besides the captain and me. Not bad, was it, for 50 men! And we couldn't see a Spaniard."

"Well, there was high grass in the field, and the boys stretched out quick on their bellies, but they couldn't tell what to fire at or what range to take, or anything, because there was nothing to guide them. Then they began to huddle up together; it's sort of human to do that when you're in a hole, and I had to keep 'em spread out so the boys in front wouldn't get shot by the boys in the back. They didn't like to hear the bullets sailing past their heads, either, especially their own bullets. The worst man was that daredevil Culan, who was ahead of everybody, firing his Mauser for all he was worth."

"Cubano!" I called out, "get back here!" That was all the Spanish I could give him, but he understood and minded.

"What shall we shoot at, Lieutenant?" asked some of the men near me.

"Shoot at the block-house, shoot at the top of the hill. That's where they are. Don't shoot at the thicket."

"And then for a minute or so they fired away as steadily as a practice squad. Fire, haul back your bolt, close your bolt, aim, fire, pull back your bolt, and so on. You know we have five cartridges in our rifle magazines all the time, but we keep them in reserve. Usually we load in a fresh cartridge every shot."

"Were you lying down all this time, Lieutenant?" I asked.

He looked at me in surprise. "How the devil do you think I could get the range with my nose in the grass? No, sir; I was kneeling on my left knee. It don't do for an officer to stretch out, anyhow, and that's the way I got hit. The first thing I knew I thought a ball of iron as big as my first had struck me on the leg. I didn't feel a thing where the bullet went in, but it hurt like—well, did it hurt?—where it came out. And that very same ball went into the lad lying next me, right through his stomach, and he died the next morning."

"I'm hit, Lieutenant," he said, but he didn't squall.

"I can't help you, old chap," said I. "I'm hit, too."

"Pretty soon there were so many of us hit that the order came to get back into the road, and two lads caught hold of me and dragged me through the grass. Say, they were pretty good about it; they didn't seem to be in any hurry at all. Out in the road one of them cut off the leg of my trousers and tied a handkerchief above the knee and then twisted it tight with a stick, because the blood was spurting out. You see there was an artery cut, and the

## POPPING SEAGULLS' NECKS.

An Ingenious Alabama Boy Describes What He Thinks Is Sport.

"Say, I have been hating a barrel of fun," said Willie Green, of Greenville, Ala., to a New Orleans Times-Democrat reporter.

"I have been popping seagull necks—popping them by the dozens, by the hundreds. Fine sport. Never saw anything like it in your life. Say, do you know whether the seagull is worth anything at all on the market for any purpose whatever? If it is, I can make a fortune without any outlay of capital at all, and at the same time have the greatest sport in the world."

Mr. Green, being interrogated more closely as to the nature of this possibly profitable industry of popping seagull necks, explained: "Well, you see, I have been down on the gulf on a lark. Have you ever noticed the seagull dart down for a fish? A shot from

## RED UNIFORMS HARD TO HIT.

It Has Been Proven a Fallacy That Scarlet Is Particularly Obtrusive.

Scarlet, it has always been supposed, was the worst color possible for the purposes of the battlefield, says the Army and Navy Gazette. It has been said so with such frequency, indeed, that nobody of late years has cared to dispute the fact. We owe it to some very practical experiments carried out in Germany that the question has now been put on a more satisfactory basis. A squad of ten men, two dressed in light gray, two in dark gray, two in scarlet, two in blue and two in green, were lately ordered to march across an open country. Their movements were closely watched. The first men to disappear from sight were those in light gray, immediately afterward the scarlet, then the dark gray and finally the blue and the green.

Here we have all well-worn theories

## WHARTON BARKER.



This gentleman is the first presidential nominee in the field for 1904. He was nominated by the anti-suffrage populists at their recent convention at Cincinnati. The nominee is a resident of Philadelphia, where he is well known as a financier and the founder of a number of great financial institutions representing a capital of \$10,000,000. As a side issue he issues the Philadelphia American, a weekly paper advocating the doctrines of the populist party. Mr. Barker's running mate on the Cincinnati ticket is Ignatius Donnelly, of Minnesota.

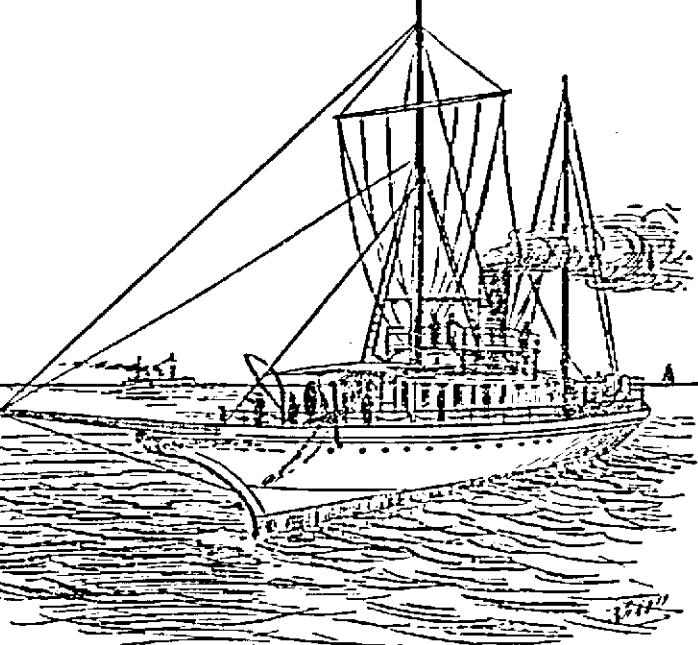
one of those big guns we read about does not dart with more terrific speed or hit the water with greater force. It occurred to me that this afforded a chance to get some of these boss fishermen and I tried the experiment, and it would have amazed you to see how it worked. I took a fish I had caught and fixed him to a couple of planks. The planks I weighted so that they would float just below the surface a short distance. Above the planks and almost on a level with the surface of the water I attached a fish so that it would have the appearance of swimming. Now, these foolish birds, seeing the fish and naturally expecting that, like other fish, it would make a lunge to get away, strike for it with a force greater than is sufficient to reach the fish where it stands. In each instance they struck my boards with such terrific force that they popped their necks. Eter try this? Well, the next time you are out on the

upset. Experiments carried out on the rifle range showed that our national color gave the worst mark for the rifle. Twenty men, all good shots, were used for the purpose of the experiment. After they had fired given number of rounds it was discovered that scarlet was far the most difficult color to hit. For every miss at the other colors there were three in favor of scarlet. We will not assert that these experiments were conclusive evidence in favor of our national color, but they certainly go a long way to justify its retention. There is much to be said in these days of quick-firing guns in favor of a uniform which is difficult to hit, and in this particular scarlet undoubtedly will hold its own against all other colors.

### Heroism of the Doctors.

Heroic work was done by the surgeons at every engagement. A doctor was one of the first to fall in the cam-

## THE PRESIDENT'S YACHT.



The steam yacht Sybil has been selected among those purchased by the government as the president's yacht. She is a steel boat, 132 feet extreme length, 29 feet beam and eight feet nine inches draught. She is schooner rigged and fitted with two Amy boilers and a triple expansion engine. She has a mahogany dining saloon, library, and with pantry connecting. Below aft she has four large staterooms, a large male saloon, bathroom, laboratory, and at the extreme after end a double state-room for the captain and engineer. She is lighted throughout with electricity and travels 11 knots an hour.

gull give it a trial. You will be amazed to see the number of gulls you can kill in the course of one evening."

**Coughs at an Engine.**  
The cough, or puff, of a railway engine is due to the abrupt emission of waste steam up the chimney. When moving slowly the cough can, of course, be heard following each other quite distinctly, but when speed is put on the puffs come out one after the other much more rapidly, and when 12 puffs a second are produced they cannot be separately distinguished by the ear. A locomotive running at the rate of nearly 70 miles an hour gives out 20 puffs of steam every second—that is, ten for each of its two cylinders.

**British Mercantile Tonnage.**  
In the period from 1871 to 1896 the capacity of the mercantile navy of Great Britain increased from 7,900,000 to 31,669,000 tons.

**Gas from a Ton of Coal.**  
A ton of good coal is said to yield about 5,000 feet of purified gas.

## The Growth of Socialism.

It is argued by deep thinkers that the growth of socialism is due to the large standing armies of the world, in which men are often made to enlist against their will, and thus become discontented with existing conditions. The growth of a stronger race of people is due to the large sale of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is the best medicine for costiveness, dyspepsia, fever, ague and all nervous troubles. Try one bottle.

**He Didn't Know About Matrimony.**  
"By Jove!" exclaimed the bridegroom, as he sat down and turned away at his mattock, "this is too bad!"

They had just arrived at Niagara Falls, and the porter had bowed himself out after carrying up a truck that weighed 457 pounds, for which he received a 50 cent tip.

The frightened girl dropped her traveling hat on the center table and stood as if transfixed, with one of her gloves half off.

"What is it, Harry?" she asked.

"This is a fine go," he muttered. "I wonder how in the world I ever came to do such a foolish thing."

Then he felt in his pockets again, and cast a helpless look at the big truck.

"You—you haven't lost your pocketbook, have you?" she asked.

"No, darling," he answered, "but I left my keys at home, and the one that opens your trunk is among them."

"Oh, that is all," she exclaimed, with a happy little sigh. "Here—and she removed a hairpin from her rich brown locks—open it with this. Now I know that I am the only girl in whom you ever took a real interest. Otherwise you would have known, Ab. Harry, dear, I am so happy!"—Cleveland Leader.

## Tickets.

When a manufacturer has succeeded in making his name a guarantee of the excellence of his goods, he has reached the highest point attainable in the commercial world. An example the name of Wm. Simpson & Sons on any fabric is a guarantee of the highest standard of quality, color and finish.

Every piece of their goods bears a ticket on which appears the name William Simpson & Sons. This insures the quality. Dealers who have sold and women who have bought and worn the material made by that house are assured of the excellence of every piece of goods which bears the name, and the women of the United States who have worn Simpson's prints as long as they can remember are still wearing them and will naturally insist upon having the goods bearing that particular name on the ticket because they give the most perfect satisfaction.

## When It's Really Solemn.

"It's a very solemn thing," she said, "when a woman intrusts a man with her affections."

"It's a mighty sight more solemn when she makes him think she has intrusted him to him while they are still locked up in her jewel box," he replied.

Then they looked at each other, and each realized that it was time for their summer flirtation to end.—Chicago Post.

**At the Fancy Dress Ball.**—Wife—"Henry, I'm ashamed of you; you have had six distinct drinks to-night that I know of." Husband—"No, my dear, last two ver' indish-time."—July.

**I Cannot speak too highly of Piso's Cure for Consumption.**—Mrs. Frank Hobbs, 215 W. 23d St., New York, Oct. 29, 1894.

A man's meaning is the same during courtship and after marriage, but it is expressed in different language.—Chicago Daily News.

**To Cure a Cold in One Day.**  
Take Ixarate Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

**Paradise.**—"How was your amateur opera performance?" "It was so poor that it was really sick."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Hall's Catarrh Cure.**  
Is taken Internally. Price 5c.

**MANY FEMALE ILLS RESULT FROM NEGLECT.**

**Mrs. Pinkham Tells How Ordinary Tasks May Produce Displacements That Threaten Women's Health.**

Apparently trifling incidents in women's daily life frequently produce displacements of the womb. A slip on the stairs, lifting during menstruation, standing at a counter, running a sewing machine, or attending to the most ordinary tasks, may result in displacement, and a train of serious evils is started.

The first indication of such trouble should be the signal for quick action. Don't let the condition become chronic through neglect or a mistaken idea that you can overcome it by exercise or leaving it alone.

More than a million women have regained health by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If the slightest trouble appears which you do not understand, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for her advice, and a few timely words from her will show you the right thing to do. This advice costs you nothing, but it may mean life or happiness or both.

**Mrs. Mary Bennett.** 314 Annie St., Bay City, Mich., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I can hardly find words with which to thank you for the good your remedies have done me. For nearly four years I suffered with weakness of the generative organs, continual backache, headache, sciatica, and all the pains that accompany female weakness. A friend told my husband about your Vegetable Compound and he brought me home two bottles. After taking these I felt much better, but thought that I would write to you in regard to my case, and you do not know how thankful I am to you for your advice and for the benefit I have received from the use of your medicine. I write this letter for the good of my suffering sisters."

The above letter from Mrs. Bennett is the history of many women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

## AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR

By STERLING COOPER.

A Story of the Franco-Prussian War—How France Won Her Freedom by the Authority of Gravity & Firearm.

IT WAS in the cozy smoking-room of a prominent New York club that the following story was related. Several guests were sharing the club's bounties, and among them was a certain Capt. Lambert, an officer in the United States service who had won laurels in western campaigns.

The conversation had turned on the part taken by the comte de l'aris in our late rebellion—his motives in attaching himself to the army of the Potomac, his participation in camp meetings, and the personal enthusiasm which he displayed in all his actions.

"Some 20 years ago," said Capt. Lambert, "taking advantage of a pause in the discussion, 'I was in a position exactly reverse to that of the count. I was attached to the staff of Marshal Caulier during the Franco-Prussian war. Less fortunate than the count, however, I fell into the hands of the enemy, and narrowly missed leaving my bones in French soil.'

"During the summer of 1870, Lieut. Carroll and myself traveled extensively on the continent inspecting as far as possible the military systems employed by various European governments. In Berlin I had the misfortune to become involved in a quarrel with a German officer—a haughty young fellow by whom I was grossly insulted. I made complaint at the proper place, and Steinmetz—that was his name—was reprimanded severely as I afterward ascertained.

"The outbreak of the war, which was like a thunderbolt from a clear sky to all Europe—found us in Paris. Here was an opportunity not to be despised. We fully realized the advantage of witnessing in person a struggle between two such mighty powers as France and Germany, and after infinite trouble and intercession, we were finally assigned to the staff of Marshal Caulier, mainly through the kindness of the American minister at Paris.

"The history of that brief but disastrous campaign is familiar to you all. Carroll and I were treated with every courtesy and respect, but were given little opportunity to see what was going on until the battle of Mars-la-Tour. Then, during the excitement of the next few days, we had our hands full, and both Carroll and myself were utilized as dispatch bearers.

"For a night and a day we lived in our saddles, without sleep and almost without food. On the evening preceding the battle at Gravelotte we found ourselves in a small village, midway between Gravelotte and Metz. Thoroughly exhausted, we were glad to lie down in an empty forage wagon for a few hours' sleep.

"But alas! even this brief rest was denied us. We had hardly closed our eyes, when a harsh voice called out our names close at hand, and crawling to the ground we found two officers belonging to Marshal Caulier's staff, who had been vainly searching for us all that afternoon. Their instructions were to bring us poste haste to the headquarters of the Third Army corps.

"Hurry and excitement were visible on all sides as we rode through the devastated country. Guns, ammunition, forage wagons, and all sorts of camp paraphernalia were being moved to the front, and the troops had been changing their positions so frequently that for a time we could obtain no information concerning Marshal Caulier's headquarters.

"We vaguely supposed them to be some place on the right flank of the army, and so we rode on through the night, past the long battle line that was already in position for the coming struggle. As I found out long afterward, the Third Army corps was really on the left flank, but in blissful ignorance of this fact we pushed ahead until my companion began to grow uneasy.

"Suddenly a battery that was stationed on a hilltop to our right opened fire vociferously, and we heard the dull roar of the German guns. I was riding slightly in advance of my companions, and as my gallant black charger galloped over the hilltop I saw at the foot of the long slope a few scattered camps.

"Yonder lies the Third army corps, if I mistake not," exclaimed Lieut. Valdor, gladly, and he pointed ahead with his right hand.

"The battery kept pounding away as we trotted briskly down the hill. Then we reached level ground and spurred on toward the gleaming campfires.

"I fear we have blundered," said Carroll, urging his horse to my side; "this certainly does not seem to be—"

"He never finished the sentence, for that very instant half a dozen rifles cracked sharply, and a lurid light blazed through the darkness. My horse sank down in a heap, flinging me head first to the ground, and I staggered to my feet, stunned and dizzy, to find myself surrounded by half a score of Prussian Uhlans.

"We were detained all through the ensuing campaign as prisoners of war, and a few weeks after the fall of Sedan were liberated.

"I had fully intended to report Steinmetz's dastardly conduct to the proper authorities, but that proceeding was rendered useless, for almost the first man of the German forces to fall at Gravelotte was Steinmetz himself."

"Carroll was also a prisoner, and Lieut. Valdor was lying dead beside the body of his horse. The other French officer had evidently made his escape, for I could hear the tramp of hoofs clattering rapidly up the hill."

"Our captors dragged us roughly to the nearest campfire, and when its radiance flashed upon the features of the officer in command of the Uhlans, my heart sank clear down in my boots. My captor was none other than my old enemy Steinmetz."

"The recognition was mutual, the sudden exultant gleam on his brutal features told me that, but he gave no sign that he knew me, while Steinmetz himself went through our pockets."

"Carroll and I passedively submitted to be searched. Two soldiers held us on each side."

"Our money and watches were not disturbed, but our passports and other valuable papers he seized eagerly, and glanced over them by the fire light. Then, before I could comprehend his motive he dropped them in the flames, and they were speedily reduced to ashes."

"You are two spies," he said, roughly. "You can't impose on me. Your papers were counterfeit. I will give you five minutes to live. Make the most of your allowance."

"I was undeniably scared, and so was Carroll. The scoundrel undoubtedly meant just what he said. I saw the situation clearly. Having destroyed our passports to secure his own safety, Steinmetz was determined to shoot us both in cold blood, and thus gratify his personal spite against me."

"A savage murmur of gratification from his companions showed that they were fully in accord with this proposition. For a moment I was too stupefied to make any reply. While understanding the German language perfectly I could speak it with difficulty. So also was the case with Carroll."

"Those papers were all right and you know it," I replied as calmly and fluently as possible. "We are both Americans, serving on the staff of Marshal Caulier, and were in search of the marshal's army corps when we lost our way and blundered into your lines. You can hold us as prisoners of war, but beyond that you dare not go."

"Steinmetz laughed derisively.

"Your nationality matters nothing to me," he said; "as spies in the French service you have incurred the penalty of death."

"He turned to mutter some order to his men, and with an inward shiver I saw a dozen rifles being critically inspected by their owner."

"See here, Capt. Steinmetz," I said loudly, resolved on a last appeal. "You grossly insulted me at Berlin a few weeks ago, and because I resented your conduct you take this opportunity, like a contemptible coward, to satisfy your malice. The sacrifice of our lives will cost you dearly, bear that in mind. If you give up your mad idea of vengeance, and tend us to headquarters as prisoners of war, I will pledge myself to say nothing of this occurrence and of the destruction of our passports."

"For a moment the Prussian struggled between anger and prudence. His comrades overheard my words, and the fact had a restraining effect.

"Snatching a burning brand from the fire he pretended to peer into our faces."

"No, I don't know you," he said, loud enough for his companions to hear. "I never saw either of you before. You mistake me for some one else. You cannot save your lives by such a pretense. I hate allowed you too much time already. You must die at once."

"He made a signal to his men, who at once bound our arms securely in spite of our struggles, and led us to the foot of a big tree that stood near the campfire. Steinmetz quickly gave some command, and a squad of Uhlans, a dozen in number, fell into line 20 paces from where we stood.

"I glanced toward Carroll, and noted that, though deadly pale, his bearing was firm and heroic.

"I give you just two minutes to live," said Steinmetz, coming forward and pulling out his watch. "If you want to pray, this is your last chance."

"I knew then that hope was at an end. My brain seemed to be whirling round and round, and although I strove to pray, my lips refused to utter a sound. The artillery on the neighboring hilltops were still pouring away, and from the direction of the German lines came the tramp of many feet and the rumble of ammunition wagons.

"A strange magnetism kept my gaze on Steinmetz. He was visibly uneasy as he faced the firing squad with the open watch in his hand—probably fearing some unpleasant interruption.

"With a sudden shiver I realized that the allotted time must be up. It was. Steinmetz lifted his right hand, and instantly 12 deadly weapons were raised—six being trained upon Carroll and six upon myself. I have a vague remembrance of hearing Carroll whisper 'good-by,' but my attention was all given to Steinmetz. The command to fire was trembling on his lips.

"I closed my eyes involuntarily and waited. Instead of the expected volley I heard a loud clatter of hoofs, and glancing up I saw a middle-aged officer gallop to the spot. He drew up his horse with a jerk in front of Steinmetz and harshly demanded: 'What does this mean? Who are these men?'

"Steinmetz began to stammer out an explanation, but the officer cut him rudely short.

"What right have you to judge them?" he cried harshly. "Send them to the rear at once, and then fall back yourselves. The battle is about to commence and the army is on the advance."

"Steinmetz turned pale with mortification and anger, but he managed with very bad grace to stammer out the necessary order to his men, and a moment later Carroll and I were moving under escort to the rear of the German lines, overjoyed at our narrow escape from death."

"We were detained all through the ensuing campaign as prisoners of war, and a few weeks after the fall of Sedan were liberated.

"I had fully intended to report Steinmetz's dastardly conduct to the proper authorities, but that proceeding was rendered useless, for almost the first man of the German forces to fall at Gravelotte was Steinmetz himself."

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## THE NEW NORTH.

W. C. OGDEN, Editor.

### Republican State Ticket.

For Governor—  
EDWARD SCOFIELD, of Weston.  
For Lieutenant Governor—  
JESSE STONE, of Watertown.  
For Secretary of State—  
WILLIAM H. FROELICH, of Jackson.  
For State Treasurer—  
J. O. DAVIDSON, of Soldiers' Grove.  
For Attorney General—  
E. R. BICKS, of Oshkosh.  
For Sept. of Public Instruction—  
L. D. HARVEY, of Milwaukee.  
For Railroad Commissioner—  
GRAHAM L. ELLIS, of West Superior.  
For Insurance Commissioner—  
EMIL GILJOHANN, of Milwaukee.

For Representative in Congress—  
ALEXANDER STEWART, of Wausau.  
For Member of Assembly—  
J. R. FAIR, of Phillips.

### Republican County Ticket.

For Sheriff—  
PRENTISS CALKINS.  
For Auditor—  
CHAS. WOODCOCK.  
For Treasurer—  
KARL KRUEGER.  
For Register of Deeds—  
CHAS. DURRAN.  
For District Attorney—  
SAMUEL T. COOPER.  
For Clerk of the Court—  
E. C. STURDEVANT.  
For County Superintendent—  
F. M. MASON.  
For Surveyor—  
D. H. VAYGHIN.  
For Coroner—  
CHAS. DECANIER.

### The Backbone of Our Nation.

"It is from the farm and the country districts that the great brain power of the country has come. Is coming today, and must come in the future," writes Edward Bok in the October Ladies' Home Journal. "Instead of deprecating country life, and saying that 'to live in the country means to live out of the world,' intelligent people know that the free, untrammeled life of the country unquestionably gives broader views. The human mind always grows to suit its outward surroundings. Originality and a development of great things has taught to check its growth where one can look with earnest eyes from Nature up to Nature's God. To speak of 'the ignorance of the rural regions' is to stamp one's self as an ignoramus; not the country people. There is a soundness of core and an intelligence in the back country of this nation of ours that people who live in cities and think themselves wise never suspect. We can talk all we like of 'social revolutions' and kindred evils that are supposed to threaten this nation. When they do threaten our institutions the danger-signal will not come from the back country. Such thoughts are born and fed amid the foul atmosphere of the cities. In the clear country air of the farm nothing threatens this country, and when anything in the shape of a socialistic, anarchistic revolution does menace this land the true voice which will stamp it out will come from the country. The backbone of this land rests in the country and on the farm."

### To Aid the Soldiers.

A humane order has just been issued by the Chicago & North-Western Ry.

Impressed with the pitiable condition of a majority of the returning soldiers, General Manager Whitman of this road has determined that none of the boys in blue who may come in contact with his company shall suffer for lack of attention. The North-Western system covers five or six states which furnished a large proportion of the volunteers, and in order that the boys may be treated kindly on their way home, whether discharged or on furlough, Mr. Whitman has issued special instructions to every agent and conductor on the entire system to give special care and attention to returning soldiers en route from camps to their homes while upon the trains or at the stations of the North-Western. The employees are instructed to be diligent to ascertain if any of the soldiers are in need of food, and more particularly if they are sick and require medical attention, and if any such are found he is to be attended to at the expense of the company, if necessary. It will not be necessary for the soldier to be in uniform to get the advantage of the road's hospitality, for if he can show the proper papers of discharge or furlough, he will receive the same consideration.

"We cannot do enough for the returning soldiers," said General Superintendent Sanborn, in speaking of the order. "The boys went down there and faced death in a hundred different ways, and those who escaped are returning home debilitated and worn out. They did this for what? Not for money; it is not in any sane man to resign himself to death for a money consideration. They did it for the love of country."

Other roads probably may follow the North-Western's humane move.—The Chicago Chronicle.

### New Advertisements.

Read the new advertisements in the New North this week:

J. G. Dunn  
Spanford & Cole  
Miss Ella M. Peers  
Clifford & Hinman  
Miss Clara Trendwell  
C. M. & W. W. Pendon  
Rhinelanders Brewing Co.

Miss Mary Lockhart spent Sunday at Ironwood with relatives.

Hugh Rogers, the Tomahawk City millman, was in Rhinelander Tuesday.

Attorney N. A. Coleman, of Eagle River, transacted legal business in this city Wednesday.

J. S. Ellis, an Ashland insurance man, was looking after business in his line here Monday.

W. D. Kollock, the Standard Oil representative, of Wausau, was in the city Tuesday and Wednesday on business.

Hamilton & Edwards will hold their millinery opening of Fall and Winter goods Monday and Tuesday, Oct 3 and 4. All ladies of the city are requested to attend.

Mr. Amel J. Kuehl and Miss Clara C. Wershing, two young people from Woodruff, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by County Judge J. M. Harrigan last Thursday.

F. M. Mason and Charles Decanter were out to the latter's homestead, which is located twenty miles from here, east of Monroe, for several days last week hunting and otherwise enjoying the bracing air.

Mrs. N. T. Baldwin arrived home Sunday morning, after a month's visit with her sister, Mrs. B. Gippsill, at Genoa, Wis. She spent a few days in Milwaukee on her return, and visited the state fair.

When you call for DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve the great pile cure, don't accept anything else. Don't be talked into accepting a substitute, for piles, for sores, for burns.

J. J. REARDON.

W. J. Doherty, the new agent at the North-Western depot, entered upon his duties last week. He was joined by his wife Wednesday, and they will commence housekeeping as soon as a suitable house can be secured.

H. A. Johnson and wife returned yesterday from Kagawong, Manitoulin Island, Can., where they have been spending the summer. Mr. Johnson made the going trip mostly on his wheel and during his stay away covered 2017 miles according to his cyclometer. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson will occupy their residence near the "Soil" depot.

W. Holmgren, a young man employed on the logging railroad of the Ross Lumber Co., at Arbor Vitae, suffered a broken limb last Friday and is being cared for at St. Mary's Hospital in this city as a result of the injury. The young man was standing upon the rear platform of an engine which was engaged in pulling several cars loaded with logs, when in some manner he lost his footing and slipped to the rails his right limb being crushed at the knee before he could be extricated. The injured man is twenty-two years of age.

C. A. Coon, Assistant Insurance Commissioner and a friend, passed through here Tuesday on their way home to Madison from Hobson. Their arrival here was very uncertain, so much so that Chief of Police Crowe took them in charge. He marched them up to the Fuller House where matters were such that but one could be cared for. The Chief kindly took Mr. Coon to his home, furnished him with two meals and escorted him to the North-Western limited in the evening where passage was secured for Madison.

### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE AT WAUSAU, WIS., September 27, 1894.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Clerk of Circuit Court at Rhinelander, Wis., on November 12, 1894, viz.: Sampson Peeler who made his claim, E. No. 6291 for the SW 1/4, Sec. 22, T. 27 N. R. 6 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz.: Samuel Dahl, of that, Wis.; Evan Anderson, of Arbor Vitae, Wis.; Thomas Hanson, Paul Alford, both of Harvard, Wis.; Edgar T. Wellecke, Register, etc.

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### SURROUNDED BY THE BEST

assortment of Furnishings to be found in the city, a man need have no difficulty in making a satisfactory choice. Our offerings contain among other good things the finest line of Neckwear, Underwear and Shirts ever presented.

The prices on all are low, on some surprisingly so.

CLIFFORD & BRENNAN,  
THE YOUNG MEN'S TAILORS,  
Swetl Bldg. Davenport Street,  
RHINELANDER, WIS.

First National Bank Report.  
Report of the condition of the First National Bank of Rhinelander at Rhinelander, in the state of Wisconsin, at the close of business Sept. 20, 1894:

	RESOURCES.
Loans and discounts	\$15,831.02
Overdrafts, secured & unsecured	1,623.72
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	1,000.00
U. S. Bonds on hand	10,000.00
Banking-house, furniture & fixtures	2,000.00
Other real estate and mortgages owned	200.00
Due from National Banks (not due for collection)	2,166.62
Due from State Banks & Banks	2,325.45
Due from approved correspondents	41,065.72
Checks and other cash items	6,525.25
Notes of other National Banks	150.00
Fractional paper currency, nickel and cents	176.00
Legal money received in bank	2,265.32
Legal tender notes	3,112.00
Deposited and held with U. S. Treasury (over 15 per cent. of circulation)	8,618.82
Total	\$248,075.01

	LIABILITIES.
Capital stock paid in	\$50,000.00
Surplus fund	20,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	6,822.16
National Bank Notes outstanding	11,220.64
U. S. Bonds held	2,210.19
Due to State Banks & Banks	244.00
Dividends unpaid	68,816.50
Indy Deposits subject to check	2,473.00
Demand certificates of deposit	65,651.72
Total	\$248,075.01

State of Wisconsin—  
County of Oneida—  
Wausau, Wis., Sept. 7, 1894.

An affidavit is filed by the above-named bank, disclaiming any responsibility against the holder, entry No. 221, made February 12, 1894, for lot 6, 1/2, Township 36, Range 12, E. No. 1, Paul Reinoester, in which it is alleged that Edil Dene has not since the date of entry to the present time, resided upon, cultivated and improved his land, and that his absence from said home was not and is not due to his employment in the military or naval service of the U. S. In time of war, said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegation, at 10 o'clock a. m. on November 1, 1894, before the other party to the affidavit, and that said Dene, wife, and child bearing his name, will be held at 10 o'clock a. m. on November 4, 1894, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office at Wausau, Wis., Edgar T. Wellecke, Register, Henry McCrossen, Receiver.

S. H. ALBAN,

Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest: G. S. COON, Jno. BURKE, Directors, Chas. CRANE.

CONTEND NOTICE,  
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,  
UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE.

Wausau, Wis., Sept. 7, 1894.

A affidavit is filed by the above-named bank, disclaiming any responsibility against the holder, entry No. 221, made February 12, 1894, for lot 6, 1/2, Township 36, Range 12, E. No. 1, Paul Reinoester, in which it is alleged that Edil Dene has not since the date of entry to the present time, resided upon, cultivated and improved his land, and that his absence from said home was not and is not due to his employment in the military or naval service of the U. S. In time of war, said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegation, at 10 o'clock a. m. on November 1, 1894, before the other party to the affidavit, and that said Dene, wife, and child bearing his name, will be held at 10 o'clock a. m. on November 4, 1894, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office at Wausau, Wis., Edgar T. Wellecke, Register, Henry McCrossen, Receiver.

S. H. ALBAN,

Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest: G. S. COON, Jno. BURKE, Directors, Chas. CRANE.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE AT WAUSAU, WIS., Sept. 16, 1894.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Clerk of Circuit Court at Rhinelander, Wisconsin, on November 10, 1894, viz.: Sampson Peeler who made his claim, E. No. 6291 for the SW 1/4, Sec. 22, T. 27 N. R. 6 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz.: George House, J. W. Jones, William Farm, Ed. Tenor, all of Rhinelander, Wis.; Edgar T. Wellecke, Register, etc.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE AT WAUSAU, WIS., Sept. 20, 1894.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Clerk of Circuit Court at Rhinelander, Wisconsin, on November 10, 1894, viz.: Sampson Peeler who made his claim, E. No. 6291 for the SW 1/4, Sec. 22, T. 27 N. R. 6 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz.: George House, J. W. Jones, William Farm, Ed. Tenor, all of Rhinelander, Wis.; Edgar T. Wellecke, Register, etc.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE AT WAUSAU, WIS., Sept. 20, 1894.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Clerk of Circuit Court at Rhinelander, Wisconsin, on November 10, 1894, viz.: Helen H. Johnson who made his claim, E. No. 6291 for the SW 1/4, Sec. 22, T. 27 N. R. 6 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz.: Samuel Dahl, of that, Wis.; Evan Anderson, of Arbor Vitae, Wis.; Thomas Hanson, Paul Alford, both of Harvard, Wis.; Edgar T. Wellecke, Register, etc.

# CLARK & LENNON - Builder's and Lumbermen's Hardware.

If you want to Save Money on  
**Wall Paper**  
 Call and Examine Stock at  
 THE PALACE DRUG STORE

Fall and Winter Millinery 1898.

MISS ELLA M. BEERS

Will be glad to meet her old customers and new ones at her Millinery Parlors where are on display many new purchases.

Up stairs at the old stand, Cor. Stevens and Davenport Streets.

All Goods Up-to-date. PRICES RIGHT.

Fall Novelties, 1'98, Just Arrived

— and constantly arriving at —

MISS CORA TREADWELL'S

Who will be happy to receive her friends and exhibit her unrivaled new goods in Millinery, Etc. At the old stand—Corer Block, Stevens St.



## Poor Pencils

are more easily spoiled than good ones. Good things last longer and that's why we keep the best of everything in our line.

School supplies of all kinds that any scholar needs.

If you don't see it, we will get it.

Opp. P. O. C. C. BRONSON & CO.,

Gypsine, 40c pkg.

## PAINTS . . .

Of every description, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Enamels Etc.

Any Color Mixed Free of Charge when White Lead is Purchased Here.

## JEWELL'S PAINT STORE.

### LOCAL TIME TABLES.

Chicago & Northwestern R'y

NORTH BOUND

No. 11-Daily 7:30 a.m. Daily  
No. 17-Ashland Mail and Express 12:30 p.m.  
SOUTH BOUND

No. 4-Daily 11:30 a.m. Daily  
No. 2-Ashland Mail and Express 1:30 p.m.  
H. C. BEGEE, AGENT

Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie R'y

EAST BOUND

Atlantic Limited 1:30 a.m. Daily  
Accommodation 7:25 p.m. Dec. 2nd

WEST BOUND

Pacific Limited 2:30 a.m. Daily  
Accommodation 6:30 a.m. Dec. 2nd  
Soo Line trains arrive and depart from C. M. & St. Paul in Minneapolis and Duluth, Minn., on schedule Nov. 19, 1898.  
Close connection for Tomahawk, Eau Claire, Duluth, Superior, Monona, Winona, Wabasha, Stevens Point, Madison, Chippewa Falls and all points on Wisconsin Central R'y.  
A. E. HOWES.

Mr. Bertram and family have moved permanently to the South.

The Congregational Mission Circle met with Mrs. W. E. Brown on Wednesday.

Mrs. N. Turner's millinery opening next Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 3 and 4.

Mr. Lee, of Woodboro, has moved to Rhinelander. He is employed at Brown Bros' mill.

We are not dealing in bankrupt stocks and old stuff. Nothing but the best will satisfy us.

CASH DEPARTMENT STORE.

Ber. Geo. H. Kemp will preach on Sunday morning on "Falling Leaves" an autumn sermon. Evening service at 7:30, Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30.

Mr. Seabury, of the Cash Department Store, who had been spending the past week at Milwaukee and Waukesha on business, returned to his duties here Sunday morning.

A stubborn cough or tickling in the throat yields to One Minnie Cough Cure. Harmless in effect, touches the right spot, reliable and just what is wanted. It acts at once.

J. J. REARDON.

Ber. Kemp was at Arbor Vitae on Monday.

Blankets of all kinds at the Cash Department Store.

Mrs. N. Turner's millinery opening next Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 3 and 4.

Louis Kouldkie came up from Antigo last week to take a position in the store of W. D. Harrigan as bookkeeper.

Permanent non-commissioned officers were appointed on Monday evening at the meeting of our local Company.

W. H. Ellis, one of the editors of "The Philosopher," a monthly magazine published at Wausau, was in the city last week.

This store is full of new clean goods on which we make lower price than any other store in town.

CASH DEPARTMENT STORE.

Dr. H. C. O'Connor and the Misses Anna LaSelle and Helen Albin were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Ferdon at Hazelhurst from Saturday until Monday.

For SALE—At a sacrifice, fifteen (15) shares of stock in Lewis Hardware Company. Will sell shares singly or wholly. For particulars inquire of B. W. McCARTY.

The football game our High School boys participated in at Ironwood Saturday resulted disastrously for our boys, they being defeated by a score of 22 to 5.

H. C. Braeger came up from Sheboygan Sunday morning to oversee the packing and shipping of his household goods. His family returned with him.

Miss Agnes Doyle left for Saxon Friday morning, where she will visit friends for a short time. Miss Doyle will spend the winter with relatives at Iron River.

Truth wears well. People have learned that DeWitt's Little Early Risers are reliable little pills for regulating the bowels, curing constipation and sick headache. They don't gripe.

Mrs. W. B. LaSelle and daughter, Miss Ethel, left last night for Chicago. Miss Ethel will enter the conservatory of music, and remain during the year, taking both instrumental and vocal lessons. Mrs. LaSelle will remain in the city about two weeks.

Edwin Barker's monologue entertainment at the opera house last Wednesday evening, made a decided hit. Nothing finer has been given in the city, and the audience was delighted. Those who didn't go missed a rare treat.

Will Yates departed Tuesday for a visit to his parents at Saginaw, Mich. We learn that Mr. Yates will not return to Rhinelander, which will be pleasant news to our readers, for he has made many friends during his residence here.

More than twenty million free samples of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve have been distributed by the manufacturers. What better proof of their confidence in its merits do you want? It cures piles, burns, scalds, sores, in the shortest space of time.

J. J. REARDON.

The opening meeting of the Men's Club will take place on Friday next, Sept. 30. Supper will be served at 6:30. A. W. Shelton, S. S. Miller, W. E. Brown, F. S. Hyer, E. M. Kemp and others will speak on the Phillipine question.

For broken surfaces, sores, insect bites, burns, skin diseases and especially piles there is one reliable remedy, DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. When you call for DeWitt's don't accept counterfeits or frauds. You will not be disappointed with DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve.

J. J. REARDON.

Mrs. A. Kelley, who spent the past month in Milwaukee and Chicago, arrived home Sunday morning.

Chas. H. Monahan, one of the Menasha Woodware Co.'s loggers, was in from Pennington last Friday.

Mrs. Chas. Piegry and children came home Saturday, after visiting relatives in Royerton for a month.

Mrs. Bertha Trabont was taken to the Northern Hospital for the Insane at Oshkosh, Saturday, by Sheriff Stevens.

J. E. Smith, of Chicago, spent several days of last week at the camps of Langley & Alderson in this neighborhood.

Bob Blackburn, of Milwaukee, was in Rhinelander last week looking after stock for his lumber yard in that city.

Some of our competitors work on the plan "fool some of the people all the time." We don't.

CASH DEPARTMENT STORE.

Hank Miner, of Pelican Lake, was in town Monday.

Mrs. B. F. Edwards arrived home from Chicago Sunday morning.

See the First National Bank report in another column of this issue.

Atty. Geo. O'Connor, of Eagle River, spent Sunday in Rhinelander.

Andy Anderson, of Three Lakes, was in the city Monday on business.

Mrs. N. Turner's millinery opening next Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 3 and 4.

Mrs. Geo. Dean went to New London Monday for a visit with relatives.

Ed. Brazell came up from Jeffers Saturday and spent Sunday with his family.

Mrs. Geo. Bertrand, who has been visiting friends in Rhinelander, left Sunday night for her home at Oregon, Wis.

Mrs. K. L. McIndoe attended the funeral of John Alexander at Wausau Thursday of last week. She returned home Saturday.

Our Cloaks are all new and up to date. Look at them and you will admit that they are pretty.

CASH DEPARTMENT STORE.

Howard Reed and wife spent Sunday and Monday at Lake George in company with Mr. and Mrs. Clement Flynn at their cottage.

You invite disappointment when you experiment. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are pleasant, easy, thorough little pills. They cure constipation and sick headache just as sure as you take them. J. J. REARDON.

Paul Browne and Harry Ashton arrived home Friday night from a hunting and pleasure trip through Minnesota and the Dakotas. They were after ducks, and met with fair success.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Congregational church will meet with Mrs. A. W. Brown Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 5. There is important business to be transacted and a full attendance is desired.

In another column we publish a letter from Harry Butler, written in the Copper River country, Alaska, to his parents in Clarinda, Ia. Through their kindness we are enabled to give it to our readers in full.

One Minute Cough Cure surprises people by its quickness and children may take it in large quantities without the least danger. It has won for itself the best reputation of any preparation used today for colds, croup, tickling in the throat or obstinate cough. J. J. REARDON.

The art display in the First National Bank building last week and this, given by Mrs. T. C. Taber for the benefit of St. Augustine's Guild, was an exhibition well worth going to see. The paintings were very realistic and well executed and reflected great credit upon Mrs. Taber, whose ability as an artist is unquestioned. The display has been viewed by a large number and it has been spoken of in the highest terms by all.

For Sale. A lady's writing desk and book case. For particulars inquire of Mrs. Cora Barnes.

Episcopal Church. Services next Sunday at St. Augustine's church are as follows:

Holy Communion at 10:30 a.m. Sunday School at noon. Evening Prayer at 7:30 p.m. Evening Prayer is said every Friday afternoon at 5:00 o'clock. C. M. HARRISON, Pastor.

Notice to Voters. I hereby notify the voters of Oneida County that I have announced myself an independent candidate for the office of Register of Deeds, and ask your support regardless of party, religion or nationality.

Very Respectfully, R. M. DOUGLASS.

Pine and Farm Lands. Parties desiring to purchase Pine and Farm Lands in Oneida, Lincoln and Langlade counties, for low prices and easy terms, address

VAN HEKE & SMITH, Merrill, Wis. Agents for Wisconsin River Land Co. a/cm.

A Creditable Display.

The exhibit of Oneida County at the Wisconsin State Fair this year, while not receiving the recognition in the way of premiums it did last year, was passed upon most favorably by those who saw it and were acquainted with the county and its farming lands. The different vegetables making up the display were tastefully arranged and occupied a most prominent position in the agricultural building. The exhibit was very conspicuous to all upon entering the building, owing to a large and nicely lettered sign which made it stand out indistinctly from the others. The sign read "Oneida County," and the unbeliever who imagined that the soil in this end of Wisconsin was lacking in the essentials which make the farmers rich in the southern and central parts of the state, was a wiser man after an inspection of the display. Had the exhibit been complete as were the others competing for position, there is little doubt but that Oneida would have been recognized by the awarding judges. As it was the counties having full departments in exhibits were given first honors. A large number of circulars setting forth the advantages to settlers in this vicinity were distributed by S. S. Miller and Fred Barnes, who were in charge of the display.

## FINE TEAS

AT  
J. G. DUNN'S  
Every hotel, boarding house and family in Oneida County should sample them.

Cor. Mercer and Delham Streets.



D. HAMMEL  
& CO.  
Dealers in

HORSES

Draft and Driving.

A. M. ROGERS, Resident Manager,

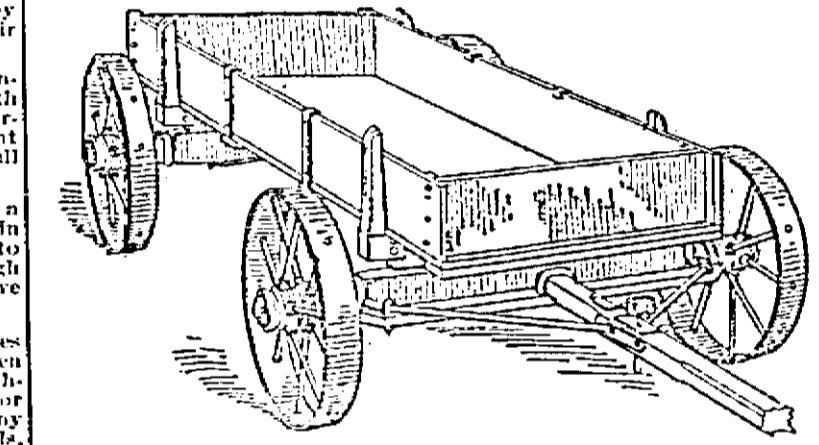
RHINELANDER, Wis.

Before you buy be sure and see  
**THE CYCLONE CAMERA,**  
3 1/4x4 1/4 and 4x5, Magazine,

Print Paper, Printing Frames, Drying Racks, Ruby Lamps, Card Mounts, all sizes, Graduates, Print Mounts, Camel's Hair Dusters, Etc.

Post Office Building. S. H. & W. H. ASHTON.

The "New Idea" Wagon.



There is nothing so much needed on the farm as a Low-Down, Broad Tire, Wide-Platform wagon. It is used more than all other implements put together. It is just the thing for hauling corn stalks, tools, manure, grain or anything. It pulls easily because the wide tires roll over the surface and cut no ruts that drain off the fertilizer or juices of the manure. The low wheel saves half the lifting, and the Top Half too. Such a wagon saves the wages of one man in loading. It will last a generation and you will have no tire setting or repair bills. It does away with strained backs from lifting over high wheels. It is a Road Maker and not a Road Breaker. It will not upset on side hills and it is great on marshes.

These wagons have wood axles 3x1 1/2 capacity, two tons; weight, 423 pounds; wide or narrow track; bolsters only 19 inches from ground; fitted with the best steel wheels on the market, 21 inch high front and 20 inch rear, with black tires. The skins are made of the best iron and are very smooth. The hubs have two deep hollow circles for holding the grease oil. These are by far the Cheapest and Best Farm Wagons ever made.

LEWIS HARDWARE COMPANY

Don't Let Beer Get The Best Of You!

Get the Best of BEER Which Is

Rhineland Beer!

Rhineland Brewing Co.

Life is too Short for Experiments.

We guarantee you a sure thing, no matter if you order your clothes made in the latest fashion or after your own peculiar ideas.

Our Prices Like Our Goods are Just Right—They Fit.

Our Tailors cannot be excelled. You are cordially invited to inspect and compare our complete stock of woolens with others. It cannot be surpassed.

It talks for itself.

Rhineland Tailoring Co.

NO WAR PRICES HERE

We can suit you, both as to quality and prices in lumbermen's supplies, stoves, ranges, farm machinery and tools' hardware of all kinds, crockery, buggies, wagons, refrigerators, and in fact, everything in this line.

If you doubt it Come and See.

LEWIS HARDWARE COMPANY.

# NEW NORTH.

RHINELANDER PAINTING COMPANY.

RHINELANDER, • WISCONSIN.

It has been announced by the American Society of Professors of Dancing that the dizzy and gay waltz, which is the hugging feature of the terpsichorean business, has got to go. It is out of fashion. Hereafter empty arm dancing is to be in vogue.

The prince of Wales is the champion godfather of Great Britain, his record being 73 occasions on which he has officiated in that capacity. He also holds another unique record in this respect in having stood as godfather to the duke of Marlborough, as well as to the duke of Marlborough's infant heir—that is godfather to both the father and the son.

There are in the world several kinds of animals that have never swallowed a drop of water in all their lives. These include the llamas of Patagonia and certain gazelles of the far east. A porcupine lived 51 years in the London Zoological gardens without drinking a drop, and some naturalists think that hares take no liquid except the dew that sometimes forms on the grass that they eat.

Boating house-keepers will rejoice to know that the war with Spain will not cut off entirely the supply of their staple table delicacy—prunes. California has come to the rescue with a crop of 8,000 tons this year from orchards which aggregate 55,000 acres. At least 10,000 more acres will be in bearing next year, and a crop of 100,000 tons of green prunes is prophesied for the first year of the next century.

Pope Leo XIII. is said to have accumulated more wealth during his pontificate than any of his predecessors in the chair of St. Peter. Pius IX. collected \$10,000,000, and that was looked upon as a large sum. But Leo is said to have acquired twice as much for the Vatican. The greater part of the money is said to be deposited in the Bank of England, and the remainder rests in various other European banks.

MONARCH—the smallest monarch in the world reigns over the Hindoo vassal state of Bengal, and governs a people of more than a million souls. This dwarf is a woman, Djin-Huzum by name; but although she is about fifty years old, she does not appear larger than a child of ten. Her diminutive size does not prevent her, however, from holding the reins of government with a firm hand, and in her realm quiet and order are supreme.

THE problem of choosing a president for the Cuban republic has already agitated the patriots who have been struggling against the rule of Spain for years. There is much talk of Dr. Eleuterio Betances for the first president of the Cubans. He is a noted savant, Hellenist and orator of Paris. He was born in Porto Rico but has long lived in Europe, and attained great prominence because of his ability as a surgeon and a man of letters.

EMPEROR ELIZABETH did not permit herself to be guarded by detectives. As soon as she noticed them she avoided them. Seven Austrian detectives followed her to Switzerland, but they were ordered to remain at Gilon while she went to Geneva. Her majesty often complained of the watchfulness imposed by the Swiss government for her safety. When leaving the hotel on the day she was assassinated, and perceiving detectives outside, she left by a side door to escape them.

ELIASAKA, the king of Barotse Land, says a traveler, is held in great fear and respect by his people. His court has as much etiquette and ceremonial as that of Louis XIV. His band of musicians make both day and night hideous with their performances. The music is done to drive away evil spirits. Eliasaka himself is an imposing spectacle. He wears a long blue dressing gown, trimmed with red braid, trousers and shirt, and on his head a scarlet nightcap, and above it a black turban.

ADM. SAWYER will receive 25 prize money and bounty about \$10,000. Mr. Adm. Dewey will receive about \$2,000. Mr. Adm. Schley's share will be about \$1,600—less than that of some of the captains in the navy who were capturing prizes while Schley was "bottled up" in Hampton Roads at the beginning of the war. The seamen, including the "men behind the guns," will get from \$90 to \$200 or \$300, according to their pay and the number of prizes captured by their respective ships.

THE new French quick-firing field gun, which recently made its appearance in the French army maneuvers, is pronounced by experts to be the most important advance in military science since the adoption of smokeless powder. Several batteries of these new guns, attached to the 2d army corps, operating near Châlons, under the personal supervision of Gen. Jamont, have fulfilled the highest expectations. Experiments with live projectiles against wooden screens representing companies show a destructive power absolutely appalling.

From Lucerne, Switzerland. It is reported that the restoration of the famous old Chateau of Chillon, in the Lake of Geneva, which was built in the beginning of the 12th century and has become celebrated by Byron's "The Prisoner of Chillon," is progressing slowly, but surely, most minute care being taken to preserve the original style and coloring in every detail. The hall is nearly finished; the fine ceiling, constructed in 1820 by Aymonnet Coriolanus, architect to the dukes of Savoy, was in an excellent state of preservation and needed little beyond careful cleaning.

Want to Be a State.

Washington, Sept. 26.—The annual report of C. M. Barnes, governor of the territory of Oklahoma, shows a rapidly increasing immigration and a prosperous condition of all the industrial interests of the territory, and says statehood is earnestly desired.

Want of Hurricane.

Kingston, Jamaica, Sept. 26.—Advises from the Barbadoes Islands say that 20,000 persons were rendered homeless by the recent hurricane. 4,757 houses were destroyed and 53 persons killed.

Crashed in a Chinese Saloon.

Chicago, Sept. 26.—Albert Jash shot and killed Joseph Maff in Edison Park at 10:30 Sunday night. At midnight he committed suicide by shooting himself.

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## WISCONSIN STATE NEWS.

### MINOR NEWS ITEMS.

**Six Days Without Food.**  
Six days and six nights without either food or drink was the experience of Louis Lysa, who was found lying in a refrigerator car in the Northside yards in Milwaukee by some trappers. He comes of a good family at Stevens Point, and at 19 years of age started to the Klondike. At Seattle he was robbed of all his money. At home, so he climbed into a refrigerator car, which was locked and started on its journey eastward before he awoke. The cruel imprisonment lasted 14 hours. The boy will probably live.

#### Murder and Suicide.

The decomposed body of a man, woman and child were found on Barron's island opposite La Crosse. The man is known to be Nick Sleteland, a former employee of the Kroner hardware company. The woman is Mamie Cummings, a loose character. The child was about two years old and belonged to the woman. All three were shot to death. There is no question that Sleteland killed both the woman and child and then shot himself.

#### Placed in Jail.

John Harvey Myers, secretary of the wrecked Home Building and Loan association, which went down with a crash some weeks ago in Milwaukee, was taken before the police court on the charge of embezzling \$10,000 of the association's funds. The prisoner waited examination and was bound over to the next term of the municipal court in the sum of \$15,000, in default of which he was remanded to the county jail.

#### A Blow at Fusion.

An important decision was handed down in the supreme court at Madison which upholds the law forbidding the printing of a candidate's name in two columns on the official ballot. The decree will practically knock out fusion in the future in this state.

#### Business House Falls.

The A. P. Dickey Manufacturing company, one of the oldest business houses in Racine, made an assignment to David G. Jones. Slow collections are given as the cause. The assets are given at \$25,000 and the liabilities about the same.

#### The News Condensed.

Adam Ott, of Hammond, Ind., a former resident of West Bend, and whose parents and a brother still reside there, committed suicide by shooting himself in the West Bend cemetery on the grave of a sister.

William Bestor, one of the men who killed an old couple at Black Earth a few months ago, and now serving a life sentence at Waupun, made an ineffectual attempt to escape.

The dead body of Melvin Wood, a farmer living in the town of Albion, was found along the roadside two miles west of Edgerton. He was probably killed in a runaway.

Mrs. Hattie M. Nixon was granted a divorce in Janesville by Judge Bennett from Clarence A. Nixon on the grounds of desertion and failure to support. The plaintiff is only 19 years old.

Three companies of the Second Wisconsin regiment, comprising troops from Oshkosh, Appleton and Mazomanie, late arrived home from Puerto Rico.

The annual reunion of the veterans of the Baraboo valley was held in Elroy.

Mrs. Emma Foley, of Bismarck, N. D., wife of the city editor of the Bismarck Tribune, was drowned by falling from a pier in West Superior.

J. H. Eaton, an attorney in Monroe, was rebuffed by \$300 in Cincinnati, O.

Anton Maas, aged 71, died in Sheboygan. He was a member of the Thirty-seventh Wisconsin infantry.

P. G. Collipp, a lawyer in Friendship who won the recent nomination for district attorney, was knocked senseless by a brick thrown through his office window.

The West Wisconsin Methodist conference in Eau Claire voted unanimously in favor of equal lay representation in the general conference. Rust, drouth and frost combined have damaged the potato crop in the vicinity of Rice fully one-half.

The assessed valuation of all property in Manitowoc county is \$12,077,732. The total value of all personal property is \$1,641,415; value of farming lands, \$7,419,539; city and village lots, \$3,016,451.

The value of all property in Sheboygan county by figures furnished by the county clerk is \$18,991,202.

St. John's military academy at Delafield opened with more students than ever before.

The tie between the Tarpon of Neenah and the Iota of Oshkosh for the championship of Lake Winnebago was raised at Neenah and was won by the Tarpon.

A sensation was caused by the elopement of Carrie Kramer, daughter of Henry Kramer, a farmer at Redwood Falls, Minn., and Stephen F. Welch, a half-breed Indian of Calumet.

John Kipke shot and killed Frank Krause near Merrill, mistaking the latter for a deer.

Fire broke out in the upholstering department of the Racine Hardware Manufacturing company and caused a loss of \$10,000.

Mrs. Barbara Barbowski, aged 43 years, died in Milwaukee as the result of burns due to the explosion of kerosene oil. She had tried to start a fire.

William Swanson (white) was killed at Lac du Flambeau by an Indian named Big George, as the result of a drunken quarrel. Big George was arrested.

### "TEDDY'S TERRORS."

The Cow Puncher Is Said to Have Violated Himself in the West.

For the Week Ending Sept. 26.  
Forest fires in Colorado threatened over half the timber in the state. Corbett announces that his fighting match with McCoy in Buffalo, N. Y., is off.

The locomotive firemen in session in Toronto, Ont., reelected F. P. Sargent grand master.

Two men were killed and three others fatally scalded in a sawmill explosion at Milan, Mo.

During heavy storms in the Baltic sea 129 fishermen were drowned between Poland and Libau.

Charles A. Schaeffer, president of the University of Iowa, died at his home in Iowa City, aged 33 years.

George H. Morgan, John Shannon and John A. Jones were killed by a fall of coal in a mine at Nanticoke, Pa.

The Arena, a high-class free silver monthly in Boston, has suspended publication because of lack of support.

At the races in Wichita, Kan., Martha B. broke the record for two-year pacing by making half mile in 1:04.

Richard Malcolm Johnson, the lecturer and novelist, died in Baltimore, Md., after an illness of several months.

Joseph Terrell (colored) was hanged at Charlottesville, Va., for the murder of his mother-in-law, Malinda Brown.

The sovereign grand lodge of Old Fellows in session in Boston decided that no more insurance licenses will be issued.

Every state in the south has established a rigid quarantine against all portions of Mississippi because of yellow fever.

The schooner C. C. Funk, of San Francisco, was wrecked on Flinders' island, Australia, and ten of the crew were drowned.

Floods and typhoons along the eastern and northern shores of Formosa destroyed 5,000 buildings and 400 people were killed.

John M. Toucey, for many years general manager of the New York Central railroad, died in Fishkill Landing, N. Y., aged 70 years.

China and Japan have been visited by thunderstorms and disastrous floods, in which many hundreds of people lost their lives.

A passenger train on the Missouri Pacific railroad was held up by masked men near Leeds, Mo., and the express car was robbed.

Ex-State Senator J. C. Richardson, of Cincinnati, was shot and fatally wounded by his brother-in-law, W. J. Haldeman, during a dispute.

### THE NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Percentages of the Clubs in Their Race for the Baseball Championship Up to To-Day.

The following table shows the number of games won and lost and the percentages of the clubs in the National league:

Club	Won	Lost	Per cent.
Boston	59	41	56.3
Baltimore	57	43	57.6
Cincinnati	54	45	56.3
Cleveland	53	46	55.6
Chicago	53	46	55.6
New York	53	46	55.6
Philadelphia	52	47	54.9
Pittsburgh	51	48	53.2
Louisville	50	49	52.6
Brooklyn	49	50	51.9
Washington	49	50	51.9
St. Louis	49	50	51.9

The season of the Western league closed with the Kansas City club as winner of the championship. The other clubs follow in order named: Indianapolis, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Columbus, Detroit, Milwaukee, St. Louis, St. Joseph.

#### Congress of Mothers.

Washington, Sept. 26.—A congress of mothers, under the auspices of the national organization, will be held in Omaha October 8, 9 and 10, by invitation of the Trans-Mississippi exposition. All interested in the movement are invited to attend.

#### Five Men Drowned.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Sept. 26.—By the founders of the lighter Monitor in St. Mary's river Joseph Prior, William Corlier, John Robare and Emanuel Robare, of this city, and John Foley, of Bay City, were drowned.

#### The Plan Indorsed.

Washington, Sept. 23.—The plan to have the school children of America present a monument of La Fayette to the French republic at the Paris exposition has been indorsed by President McKinley.

#### THE MARKETS.

New York, Sept. 26.  
LIVE STOCK—Steers, \$1.50 to \$1.65  
Hogs, \$1.20 to \$1.35  
WHEAT—No. 2 Red, \$1.60  
December, \$1.65  
CORN—No. 2, \$1.20  
OATS—No. 2, \$1.20  
No. 2 White, \$1.25  
BUTTER—Creamery, \$1.25  
Factory, \$1.25  
EGGS, \$1.25

CHICAGO.

CATTLE—Shipping Steers, \$1.50 to \$1.75  
Stockers, \$1.25 to \$1.50  
Fifers, \$1.25 to \$1.50  
Hogs—Light, \$1.25 to \$1.50  
Light Mixed, \$1.25 to \$1.50  
BEEF—Creamery, \$1.25  
Dairy, \$1.25 to \$1.50  
POTATOES—New (per bu.), \$1.25 to \$1.50  
POK.—January, \$1.25 to \$1.50  
LIME—January, \$1.25 to \$1.50  
GRAIN—Wheat, December, \$1.25 to \$1.50  
Corn, December, \$1.25 to \$1.50  
Rye, Cash, \$1.25 to \$1.50  
Barley, Cash, \$1.25 to \$1.50

MILWAUKEE.

GRAIN—Wheat, December, \$1.25 to \$1.50  
Oats, No. 2 Northern, \$1.25 to \$1.50  
Oats, No. 1, \$1.25 to \$1.50  
Barley, No. 2, \$1.25 to \$1.50

KANSAS CITY.

GRAIN—Wheat, No. Spring, \$1.25 to \$1.50  
No. 2 Hard, \$1.25 to \$1.50  
Corn, Fall, \$1.25 to \$1.50  
Rye, No. 2 White, \$1.25 to \$1.50  
Rye, No. 2, \$1.25 to \$1.50

ST. LOUIS.

CATTLE—Shipping Steers, \$1.50 to \$1.75  
Texas Steers, \$1.25 to \$1.50  
Hogs—Porkers, \$1.25 to \$1.50  
Hogs—Butchers, \$1.25 to \$1.50

OMAHA.

CATTLE—Native Steers, \$1.25 to \$1.50  
Cows and Heifers, \$1.25 to \$1.50  
Western Steers, \$1.25 to \$1.50  
HOGS—Porkers, \$1.25 to \$1.50  
Hogs—Butchers, \$1.25 to \$1.50

SHEEP.....\$1.25

### "TEDDY'S TERRORS."

The Cow Puncher Is Said to Have Violated Himself in the West.

The cow puncher has his big rawhide boot square down on one of the illuminated pages of history, says the Denver Republican. He has put his foot in it, to his undying glory and to the utter eradication of all the slighting things that have been said about the unruly herder of stamped steers on wild western plains.

Col. Roosevelt never tires of lauding his regiment of rough riders, the basis of which, he says, is the cow puncher. There are ex-policemen, Harvard men, country doctors, dudes and heirs to millions in his regiment, but the framework of the organization that has won fame in Cuba is the cowboy, bronzed, daredevil, loud and unfeigned.

"They scrapped by nature," says

### NEW YORK'S DEAD.

It Takes Over Seventeen Acres of Ground Every Year to Burry Them.

The dead of London require an annual waste of 23 acres of valuable ground, says Louis Windmuller, in the North American Review. If 4,000 are crowded into the space of one acre, the limit in the case of the most populated graveyard, and if we accept the present rate of mortality, 20 per 1,000 inhabitants, as the standard, New York, with a population of 3,500,000, would have to provide room for 70,000 corpses, and would require annually 15½ acres to bury them in. Unless the custom is changed, the available room in the vicinity of all large cities will gradually be absorbed by remains of the dead.

In considering the welfare of individuals the expenditure of one may benefit another, but citizens should be

### FOR THE SLEEPLESS.

A Simple Method of Relief Which Is Recommended by a Physician.

How many people are there who, do they will, find that sleep refuses to come to them and that they are doomed to a night of perpetual rolling and tossing? Yet, according to well-known New York physician, himself a sufferer from insomnia for many years, sleep can easily be summoned by a means within reach of all.

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Yet, according to well-known New

York physician, himself a sufferer

from insomnia for many years,

sleep can easily be summoned by

a means within reach of all.

Indeed, it is impossible to asphyxiate

one's self by this means.

The first thing you have to do is to take a long

and deep inspiration, as much air be-

ing drawn into the lungs as can be

borne with comfort. This air is re-

tained until positive discomfort is felt,

when it must be slowly exhaled. Re-

# RAY'S RECRUIT

BY  
CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.  
AUTHOR OF 'THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER,'  
'FROM THE RANKS,' ETC.

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The first thing demanded of Sergeant Merrivether was an account of his stewardship and the progress of the new trooper, and Merrivether looked solemn and mysterious and was finally understood to say that he had nothing to complain of in him, but he "reckoned other people might," whereupon Ray made him speak out. The Kentuckian could not tolerate insinuation or innuendo in a soldier, and Merrivether told the story of the mutual recognition of Hunter and the unknown captive.

It was the evening of his return to Ransom and just before tattoo, which in those days was always accompanied by a roll call.

"See if Hunter is in quarters," said the captain, "and send him to me." And Merrivether hastened on his errand.

No. The man in barracks said the swell recruit was out somewhere. "Malbo he's gone down to pay his respects to Mrs. Merrivether, sergeant," sneered an ill-conditioned fellow, a man no other liked, yet who had served with the old troop over half a dozen years. Merrivether knew it would never do to notice the remark, but it stung him all the same. "Find him, you, and tell him the captain wants him at once," said he to the world to enter, then slammed the door behind him and sprang out into the night. He had not been home for nearly an hour, and he needed, he told himself, a drink so that he went.

Bright lights were burning in some of the quarters, dim ones in others, but in his own the light seemed lowered to the verge of darkness. Not two yards from his door the tall figure of a man in soldier overcoat loomed into view, and, peering closely at him, Merrivether discovered the recruit.

"Where you been, Hunter?" was the sharp, stern demand.

"Looking for you, sergeant," was the quiet reply.

"Who sent you?" And there were both anger and suspicion in the tone.

"Oh, no one. I wished to speak with you a moment. I want some advice."

"There is no need of your coming here, then. You've seen me a dozen times in the last two days. Why didn't you ask it then?"

For a moment the younger man was silent; surprise and disappointment clouded his face. So, too, there crept into it a shade of indignation, and it showed plainly in the tone of his reply.

"I had no need of it then," was the answer, as the younger soldier looked squarely into the eyes of the senior. Then, just as when angered by the overbearing ways of Major Mainwaring, Hunter's high spirit overmastered his resolution to take man and master as he found them, and his eyes, too, flashed angrily. "Whatever thought I had of it ten minutes ago," he said, "is gone now. I won't trouble you."

And with that he would have gone his way, but Merrivether, smarting with jealousy and suspicion, threw himself across his path.

"You go no farther, young man, till you hear what I've got to say. This is the third time in less than a week you've been prowling here around my door. Keep your distance in future. Do you understand? No man enters that house except on my invitation. Now you go to Captain Ray and tell him I sent you."

For a moment the tall young soldier stood there, too astonished to make reply. He had heard the men talk of Merrivether as "tough on recruits." He had understood that new men must take a great deal of bullying from the elders—that it was purposely done to try their temper and test their sense of subordination. Hitherto he had looked upon Merrivether's asperities as having no personal significance. Now, for the first time, it flashed upon him that he was singled out for harsh, overbearing and abusive language from a man coarse by nature, mentally, physically and socially his inferior. All at a sudden the hot blood boiled in his veins, and, forgetful of his new obligations, reckless of anything but his wrath, Trooper Hunter hit out straight, hard and well, taking Merrivether squarely between the eyes and knocking him flat. The resounding thwack of the blow, the heavy crash of the fall, were echoed from the doorway by a woman's startled cry, and the next thing Hunter knew as he stood there still quivering, his fist clinched and ready to dash again at his floored victim, now feebly struggling to his knees, the slender form of the sergeant's wife was leaning over the beaten man. Then she threw herself upon her knees beside her prostrate husband.

"You've struck him cruel hard," she moaned. "Oh, you shouldn't have minded what he said, Mr. Hunter. He's awful jealous. There, Dandy, sit still—sit still," she pleaded soothingly. "Run for a little water, Mr. Hunter. He's bleeding terrible. Do be still, Dandy. Sure the gentleman never set foot inside your door nor spoke a word to me. You're foolish, Dandy." She strove to staunch the blood with her handkerchief, but he was slowly regaining his faculties and thrust her gently away, and then she saw he was fainting inside the breast of his coat, and fees gave her strength. Hunter had taken a deep, full of water from the barrel at the side of the little bar and was letting it drip, wondering as he came what would be the outcome of this mad

impulse, but she met him half way, seized the dipper and took him go. "Quick," she panted. "Don't stop an instant now. Get away before he comes to himself or he'll shoot. Go instantly, please, Mr. Hunter, or maybe he'll kill me too."



"No, no, leave everything to me. Don't come here till I tell you. Don't speak of this to a soul, unless you want to kill me. He'll never harm me now unless he sees you still here, but not a word of it. I can keep him quiet." Then she pushed him violently from her, just as the sergeant, staggering to his feet, held forth a feeble hand as though seeking support.

And at that moment, up along the line of barracks, the trumpet began the spirited music of the tattoo. The doors of neighboring cottages began to open and soldier forms, enveloped in the long, caped overcoats, hastened forth. Irreately, bewildered, hardly knowing what he did and far from knowing what he ought to do, Trooper Hunter hurried from the spot, trudged the slope to the "bench" on which was spread the garison proper, and found full two-thirds of his troop already gathering in front of their quarters awaiting the signal to form ranks—the quick, stirring assembly.

"Did you see Doyle? He was looking for you, Hunter," chirped a little fatlander. "You're flowing, man. Where you running from?" But Hunter made no reply. Hooking the collar of his overcoat and buttoning it throughout, he stepped quietly to the point where the center of his troop usually formed for roll call, for his place in ranks was close behind a tall corporal who marked the left of the first platoon. The first sergeant, silent and solitary, his swinging lantern in his hand, stood a few yards away, gazing out across the dim parade at the bright lights in the distant quarters of the officers. The soldierly form of the second lieutenant could be dimly discerned a few yards beyond the sergeant. To the right and left, in front of the other barrack buildings, big black groups of men were gathered and sergeants' lights were gleaming, all awaiting the next signal. Suddenly it came, quick, rippling, merrily. "Fall in," were the hoarse words growled from half a dozen soldiers' throats. The groups quickly resolved themselves into two long columns of files that faced to their left the instant the music ceased and stood motionless while, with the ease and rapidity of daily practice, the sergeant called the sentry to stand close by, permitted Healy to come out of the prison room and be questioned. At first the young Irishman was stubborn and would tell nothing, but gradually he made admissions and kept glancing fearfully over his shoulder as though he thought the gentry might hear. So Conway drew him around behind the portico of the heavy log structure and told the sentry to come no nearer; he would be responsible. The very next minute the sentry heard a stifled cry, a scuffle. Healy darted away like a shot into the darkness. The sentry and the guard pursued in vain, and Conway lay stabbed to the hilt of a ghastly looking knife. He had lied almost to death before the surgeon reached him, and unskilled hands could check the flow. Now he was lying at the post hospital, slowly convalescing, but very weak and dazed.

He was telling me just before tattoo captain, that Conway came out with a warrant for some one here at the fort, but asked to see Prisoner Healy, one of the two that escaped the night of the train robbery—the one of the two that was recaptured. The man must have knifed him and got away. "Is Captain Ray there?" came a call from the darkness in the deep, well-known voice of the colonel, and Ray sprang to answer. Then the sergeant turned to Trooper Hunter.

"Lock here, young feller," said he. "They tell me you're the chap Conway wanted."

**CHAPTER VIII.**

A general court-martial had convened at Ransom for the trial of such enlisted men as should be brought before it, and the president thereof looked out from behind his newspaper during a lull in the proceedings, and with the characteristic expression which seemed to say, "Don't you dare lie to me now," popped the following question:

"Blake, what's the name of the Three Guardsmen?"

And Blake, never laying down his paper or changing a muscle of his long, sallow countenance, placidly and promptly responded, "Clothes, LaChesis and Atropos."

Captain Gregg, sitting at the right of the presiding officer, after reflecting profoundly a moment, slowly nodded, as though to say, "Right, though I didn't think you knew." Captain Truscott, sitting opposite Gregg and busily occupied with a letter, glanced quickly from under his heavy lashes and compressed his lips. Some of the youngsters farther down the long table looked a bit mystified, but Blake's balance wheel, Captain Ray, was not a member of the court and probably would have accepted the reply as authoritative had he been there, for Ray was no reader.

It was the questioner who looked dissatisfied, and the questioner, as usual, was Mainwaring.

"Then how did you come to know that prisoner in the lot brought in by the sheriff?"

Hunter was silent.

"You admit having seen him before?"

"I do, sir."

"Where and when?"

"Before I joined the regiment, sir. I met him with another man at Pawnee."

Captain Ray was silent a moment. He stood scrutinizing in deep concern the pale, clear cut face before him.

"When I sought for you in the adjutant's office the day of your enlistment, I felt somehow that you were a truthful man and not a renegade, and I don't wish to be disappointed in you. I don't want to find a man with a clouded record in my troop. What do you know about that robbery?"

"Nothing more than everybody else, sir—that it took place and that"—But here again he hesitated.

"Well, that's what, Hunter?" said Captain Ray, noting the soldier's significant pause.

"Nothing more, sir. I met one of the prisoners at Pawnee in a restaurant some few weeks ago. I never saw him before, and I've never seen him since—except that day."

Ray stood calmly studying his man. "I told you it was taking chances to enlist an applicant who looked as though he might have been a man of high social standing," said he presently, "and you looked me in the eye and said I shouldn't regret taking you in my troop. You've been with me barely a week, and already you are the object of suspicion. How long will it be before I hear you directly accused of something to make me deeply regret my overconfidence?"

Hunter started as though to speak, but the words died on his lips. From the direction of the barracks a soldierly step was swiftly approaching. The turf beneath their feet began to light up with the gleam of a nearing lantern. It was the first sergeant again, and Hunter heard him abruptly halt, true to the formal etiquette of the old cavalry days, and await his captain's signal to approach.

"Remain here a moment," said Ray to his anxious recruit. "What is it, sergeant?"

"I found Sergeant Merrivether, who was absent from roll call, at his quarters, sir."

Ray frowned. Another instance of Merrivether's falling off since his marriage.

"What excuse had he for his absence?" was the brief question.

"Well, sir, his wife says that he had met with a mishap—a fall in the dark. But it looked to me more like a blow, and he couldn't deny it, sir."

"A blow? Assailed? When, and by whom?"

"Just a few minutes ago, sir. Close to his own door, I think."

Ray's head went back with a jerk, an odd old trick of his when mentally aroused. "He must know who did it, unless he was struck from behind. Did you ask him?"

"Certainly, sir, and he declares he didn't see, and Mrs. Merrivether declares it was two men, and they ran away toward barracks the moment they downed him."

For a few seconds the sergeant stood looking at his captain's perplexed face. Then the recruit suddenly and impulsively stepped forward. Before he could speak Captain Ray threw up his hand in warning gesture, as though commanding silence. The first sergeant whirled abruptly and stood facing toward the distant south gate. Hence on the night wind came a confused medley of horse murmur, of distant shouts, of rapid running feet, then from far out across the townward stretch of prairie the muffled report of firearms, one, two, three, and from the direction of the guardhouse a soldier came rushing like a Wyoming gallop.

"What is it, Kid?" sang out the sergeant beyond the sentry.

"Sheriff Conway—stabbed, and his prisoners loose. They want the doctor."

"Why," said Ray in surprise, "what business could he have out here? What does it mean?"

"They were telling me just before tattoo captain, that Conway came out with a warrant for some one here at the fort, but asked to see Prisoner Healy, one of the two that escaped the night of the train robbery—the one of the two that was recaptured. The man must have knifed him and got away."

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**CHAPTER VIII.**

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"Blake, what's the name of the Three Guardsmen?"

And Blake, never laying down his paper or changing a muscle of his long, sallow countenance, placidly and promptly responded, "Clothes, LaChesis and Atropos."

Captain Gregg, sitting at the right of the presiding officer, after reflecting profoundly a moment, slowly nodded, as though to say, "Right, though I didn't think you knew." Captain Truscott, sitting opposite Gregg and busily occupied with a letter, glanced quickly from under his heavy lashes and compressed his lips. Some of the youngsters farther down the long table looked a bit mystified, but Blake's balance wheel, Captain Ray, was not a member of the court and probably would have accepted the reply as authoritative had he been there, for Ray was no reader.

It was the questioner who looked dissatisfied, and the questioner, as usual, was Mainwaring.

"Then how did you come to know that prisoner in the lot brought in by the sheriff?"

Hunter was silent.

"You admit having seen him before?"

"I do, sir."

"Where and when?"

"Before I joined the regiment, sir. I met him with another man at Pawnee."

Artagnan in either. What have you stumbled on now?"

"Nothing much. Reading about a fellow that named his horse that and thinks he's going to sweep the race tracks from Jerome park to Jerusalem. Do—what'd you call him? I wouldn't ride one of their steeples in an English saddle if you'd give me \$1,000."

"I wouldn't care to ride one on any other kind—certainly not one of our service saddles," said Blake, whose long legs could wrap around any horse in the regiment. "Those high, sharp pomelos are the worst kind of thing to use across country."

"Not if you know how to ride," said the major, who loyally stood by everything that was regulation. "I'll let you any real cavalryman will tell you that he'd rather use a McClellan for any kind of riding than any other kind of saddle."

"Done," said Blake, "and leave it to Stannard or Ray." And here he kicked across under the table to rouse his opposite fellow member to full rejoicing in the colloquy, for Mainwaring couldn't bear to hear Stannard quoted as authority on any subject and was sure that Ray was a vastly overrated officer.

"What does Stannard know about it anyhow?" trilled Mainwaring. "He never rode anything but a McClellan. And as for Ray, I know a dozen better riders and cavalrymen who agree with me."

"All right. You come out to the hurdles after court adjourns, major, and we'll give you a chance to see the difference. That pretty mare of Mrs. Ray's is to have a jollying lesson this afternoon, and you can try both saddles and systems if you like."

But the re-entrance of the judge advocate with the prisoner put a stop to the chat, and Mainwaring called the court to order.

A week had rolled by since the night of the assault on Sergeant Merrivether and the stabbing of Sheriff Conway. The first episode seemed to have died out of the interest of even the few who knew of it, for Merrivether's lips were sealed, but the second was still the topic of excited talk.

And well it might be. Armed with a warrant, so he claimed, for the arrest of certain soldiers of the garrison, Conway had come to the post about tattoo that evening, had stopped at the guardhouse and asked to see Prisoner Healy, a soldier under charges of assault and robbery. But the recruit was recaptured and brought back to the guardhouse, and the sheriff was at his wit's end. The officer of the guard had gone over to get his heavy coat and to change into rough rig for the night when Conway appeared, and an overconfident sergeant, detailing a sentry to stand close by, permitted Healy to come out of the prison room and be questioned. At first the young Irishman was stubborn and would tell nothing, but gradually he made admissions and kept glancing fearfully over his shoulder as though he thought the gentry might hear. So Conway drew him around behind the portico of the heavy log structure and told the sentry to come no nearer; he would be responsible. The very next minute the sentry heard a stifled cry, a scuffle. Healy darted away like a shot into the darkness. The sentry and the guard pursued in vain, and Conway lay stabbed to the hilt of a ghastly looking knife. He had lied almost to death before the surgeon reached him, and unskilled hands could check the flow. Now he was lying at the post hospital, slowly convalescing, but very weak and dazed.

He was telling me just before tattoo captain, that Conway came out with a warrant for some one here at the fort, but asked to see Prisoner Healy, one of the two that escaped the night of the train robbery—the one of the two that was recaptured. The man must have knifed him and got away.

"Is Captain Ray there?" came a call from the darkness in the deep, well-known voice of the colonel, and Ray sprang to answer. Then the sergeant turned to Trooper Hunter.

"Lock here, young feller," said he. "They tell me you're the chap Conway wanted."

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